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TUESDAY
MAY 11, 1954

Woke up groaning this morning with ptomaine poisoning, I think from eating my friend Cervera's pickled partridges. He had sent them to me from Spain as a Christmas present. They arrived in February, were lost somewhere in the cellar for a considerable period, and resurrected for my delectation a couple of days ago.

Bill Miller, Bob Eisenberg, and Danilowicz had come down for the meeting and accompanied me to the Council of Europe, where Mr. de Gasperi was elected President vice Mr. Spaak. This was a good selection. There was routine business at the Council during the day and I saw a good many old friends and acquaintance.

Tonight I was feeling seedy and went to a movie called "Le Trésor du Guatemala", a rousing technicolor film on romance and fighting.

In the course of the afternoon I had called on George and Nancy Andrews. Their son, a promising young fellow, was with them. He had just entered the Foreign Service and was to report next week as Vice Consul in Palermo. Meanwhile, his draft board has summoned him to come home for military service, so the family is in a state of perturbation and indecision, and being ground small in the bureaucratic mills.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
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